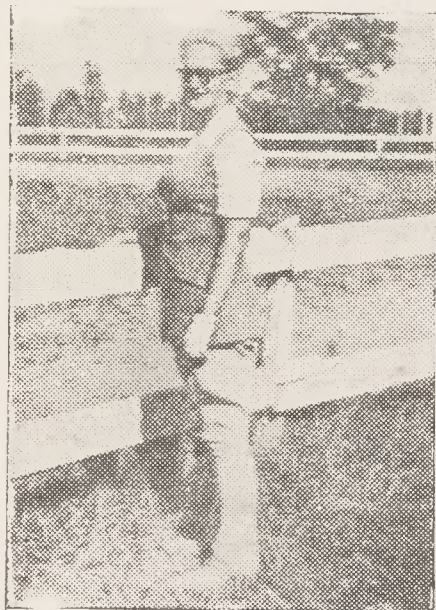


Sports Talk

By LOIS HARDER

The riding classes this year are held twice a week for an hour each, and two beginner classes are held once a week for two hours. During the riding periods, one is set a side for ring instruction and the other is spent trail riding.

Horseback riding is a wonderful outdoor sport. All those who could not arrange to take riding this semester, come on out in February and let's do some spring riding together. But, between that time, don't hesitate and come on down to the stable and get acquainted with the horses.



Mrs. Miriam Todd Hitt

Miriam Todd Hitt, our riding instructor hails from Ohio, near Columbus.

She attended Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, afterwards instructing riding at several private training stables. She had a business of her own—horses and instructing for several years at Lakeland, Florida.

Mrs. Hitt, known as Peggy to us, taught at Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, and also Sullins in Bristol, Va.

Besides college instructing she has served as riding instructor at Camp Yonahlossee, Blowing Rock, N. C. for four years.

Her son, Douglas Dean, is enrolled in George Washington University in Washington, D. C. and is studying medicine.

Along with a bright smile and a sparkling personality, you find with Peggy her dog, Junior, a Studebaker convertible and a good mystery book.

A. A. CORN HUSKING BEE

(Continued from page one)

Contest, which is new this year, will be Dr. Campbell, representing the faculty; Sally Lou Taylor, for the seniors; Sarah Coxe, for the freshmen; and representatives from the juniors and sophomores.

Folk Dance Club Will Travel During Season

In case you have been wondering what goes on in the gymnasium every Tuesday and Thursday from five to six, it is the Folk Dance Club hard at work. This group has some very interesting plans for the year which are somewhat different from their program in the past.

The Club has already been invited to appear at five occasions in Raleigh and surrounding areas at City Music Clubs, P.T.A.'s Women's Clubs, and Alumna Associations. Christmas customs in various countries will be the theme for the programs. New costumes will be made to be used in these engagements and in the annual Spring Concert.

The adequate staging and lighting which goes along with the new auditorium will make a different type of Spring Concert possible. A group of former Meredith Folk Dance Club members have been asked to share in the Spring performance.

This year marks the seventh year of the Folk Dance Club, which is directed by Miss Doris Peterson, associate professor in the Health and Physical Education Department. Martha Hare, a junior, is chairman of the group, and Mrs. J. T. Lynn of Raleigh is accompanist.

Any Student who has a "B" average in the beginning Folk Dance class is eligible for membership in the Club. The thirty-two members for this semester include Frances Altman, Jane Biggs, Beth Boggs, Jennett Bramble, Ann Cannady, Carolyn Covington, Dorothy Childress, Doris Concha, Carolyn Crook, Sylvia Currin, Barbara Dennis, Norma Fagan, Ina Gresham, Martha Hare, Nancy Hefner, Hope Hodges, and Orlena Jamerson.

Also Carlene Kinlaw, Lucy- anne Liddy, Frances Leigh Meadows, Betsy Mills, Julia Parker, Nell Parker, Barbara Pearson, Ellen Peeler, Elaine Saunders, Sally Lou Taylor, Marjorie Tolan, Mary Jane Utley, Nancy Walker, Evelyn Wilson, and Elizabeth Zulalian.

DRIVE TO CLEAN

(Continued from page one)

the area around the Bee Hive is a disgrace to the campus. Be careful!

The matter of "coke" bottles is also urgent in this campaign. The hall is not the proper receptacle for empty bottles and neither is it the duty of the maids to dispose of those bottles left on the up-stairs porches. A proper place for the empty bottles has been provided beside the Coca-Cola machines. Put them there! Another word to the wise: keep those bottles out of rooms and bathrooms. Besides counting off on room-check, they may be the cause of those little legged creatures that have been found in so many closets.

Get behind this entire campaign. It is for you the student body of Meredith College and should not only be sponsored by the TWIG but by every organization and by every individual of the faculty, administration, and student body. Make this fall cleaning into a big thing and see to it that our campus looks the best it possibly can.

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PRESENTING TWO KINDS OF CHAPERON TROUBLE

THE FRESHMAN OUTLOOK

By MARILYN HUNT

Oh, all right, I'll try. But you know a Junior or a Senior won't go out with us. Why? Well, they -- they -- they think they are so much older than we. Anyway, why should they want to chaperon when they may go out by themselves? . . . All right, all right! I will try to get one!

Now, who can I ask? Maybe Jane will go. But no! Jane is expecting Dick to call. Betty has to wash her hair; she always washes it on Wednesday nights! Neither can June chaperon; she has already made arrangements to baby-sit.

Oh, you would like to chaperon us! Good! . . . But you are not on the eligibility list. How nice! Well, do you think Mary will? She has four tests tomorrow? Oh, yes, of course I understand!

Oh, why didn't I think of the chaperon list? Those girls can't say "no." "Jean, would you . . . ?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't chaperon over six people. Nancy already has three couples, too."

Surely Ann can chaperon me, then. What is that? She is in the infirmary? Oh, no, no, No!!! How will I ever live through first semester?

THE JUNIOR'S PLIGHT

By SHIRLEY BONE

"Ah," I mused. "Eight-fifteen and nobody's asked me yet—and I know anybody with a date would have seen me long before now with my name posted on every hall. Thank goodness, I can wash my filthy hair. . . Hey, Sue, where's the shampoo?"

A few moments later the sound of running water filled the room—running water and a monotonous vibrating humming which vaguely resembled "You're Breaking My Heart" . . . but wait—what was that other sound?

"Did you call me, Sue?" I yelled, my hand on the tub faucet.

"No. I did," came an unfamiliar voice from my room.

"Er-an . . . you're not washing your hair, are you?"

"Oh, no." I returned smartly, thrusting my dripping head out the door to see who my caller was. "I'm just sitting here with my head under the faucet—Oh! . . . Hello."

"Uh—I saw you were on the chaperon list for tonight—and my boy friend just got here with another boy and . . ." she looked rather dismayed at my disheveled hair, so I, recognizing my fate, tried to show her my best face.

"I'd love to go with you . . . but have you tried the other girls on the list? Margie lives next - - " but at her assenting nod to my question, I gave up and agreed to go with her.

Twenty minutes later I was meeting the fellow human with whom I was to spend the evening. Although slightly younger than I, he was almost as cute as Patsy, my charge, had said and I planned to enjoy my forfeited evening.

"Where would you like to go? Mary Lou?" Patsy addressed me in a tone so respectful I felt like an older aunt.

"Why, anywhere's okay with - - -" Wait a minute, M.L.—I said to myself. Summon your hidden faculties and suggest something! "We could go bowling down here at the Manmur; it's a real nice place. Have you ever-?" But I was stopped by Patsy's date's groaning. "For Pete's sake! I've been lifting weights

Pribbles and Prabbles

By MICKEY BOWEN

Who is more regaled with entertainment than Meredith freshmen, during rush week? They can talk about the glory and excitement of Decision Day, but the real miracle of the week is the originality and skill that is shown in the various bids for attention made by the societies. What have Aristophanes or Como got that we haven't more of, for six desperate days? From tense drama (mostly back-stage, we admit) to pageantry, Meredith has it all—there's just no two ways about it.

However, probably the biggest hits of the week were made by the men, imported with threats of "no date Saturday", to serenade the lucky lovelies. Their music was beautiful, of course, but their mere presence was to be appreciated even more. Incidentally, we'd like to say that the gentleman who leads the Carolina cheers should really be going places before too long. He's got more natural showmanship than is usual, and that's all it takes!

If Miss M. Mills leaves school

suddenly, you'll know that it's because the picture made of her at the Little Theatre meeting was actually printed. The poor girl acted as a model for the make-up workshop and found herself resembling a hideous old hag with no teeth and a prominent scar. Although the victim might not agree with us, those attending the workshop had a very enjoyable evening.

Tryouts for the most stupendous production ever held at Meredith College will take place soon. It's "Our Town," as you know, so watch for the notice. . .

Promised to uplift you, didn't we? Well. . .

Unfortunately, we're of the school of journalism which is guided more by personal repressions than reactions of the general public. Mere appreciation is sufficient, thank you.

The meaning of the title of this column has escaped us up until now, but it's beginning to seem quite fitting. (Ed.'s Note: You may ask Dr. Harris about the meaning, since the title is taken from the works of one Wm. Shakespeare, who was also interested in dramatics.)

in Gym all week and my arm's too sore to move even."

"We surely don't want to do that, then. Um-m . . . do you like to skate?" I suggested brightly.

"Heavens, my skirt's too tight, I'm afraid, and I'm really not exactly dressed for skating."

This from Patsy.

"Well, anything you-all want to do—" I was concluding with my beginning observation.

"What about a show, Jack?" My date popped up.

Yes, I silently agreed.—any one but "Cobra Woman"; I couldn't stand that again.

But 'stand' it I did—literally. Realizing the fact that we had only sat down about nine-thirty, I could sympathize with the reluctance of the others to leave at ten o'clock, but I knew, too, that if we waited until ten fifteen, as my date's look plainly told me any intelligent person would, we'd never catch a bus in time. At my insistence, we squeezed into one and were back just in time to exchange a hurried "Goodbye" and "Enjoyed

it." before making a mad dash to sign in before ten thirty-five.

Thus ended my first evening of chaperoning and, honestly, it was fun and usually is, *But . . .* Now we upperclassmen naturally don't enjoy chaperoning a girl who's too self-sufficient or independent and makes us feel like an unwanted necessity, so perhaps if you freshmen would observe some of the courtesies and manners hinted at in this fictitious tale, we could strike a happy medium in this matter of dating together.

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